WHY GOD LOVES THE IRISH

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WHY GOD LOVES THE IRISH

Clean literature and clean womanhood are the keystones of civilization:—this aphoristically defines the ideals of The Devin-Adair imprint.

WHY GOD LOVES THE IRISH

By

HUMPHREY J. DESMOND, LL.D.

"Inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages."

—*Milton.*

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FOREWORD

By Joseph I. C. Clarke

President-General of the American Irish Historical Society

EVERYBODY with a heart that beats with the love of humanity at large, no less than the Irish themselves, will find joy and refreshment in this demonstration by our author of a theme so unconsciously daring as "Why God Loves the Irish." His treatment of the problem involved amply relieves the Almighty of making the slightest mistake in His well-known preference for the branch of the Celtic race which made Ireland its home and a fresh point of departure for capturing the esteem and

love and good things of the rest of the world.

In the clearer light of the higher thought things steal upon the vision that to the grosser senses in the poorer glow of what is aptly called "common" sense had an altogether different aspect. There are Irish writers who pass their time dwelling on the misfortunes of their race. Not so Mr. Desmond. He sees something better, something finer, something infinitely cheering in it all. And he tells it in his own way, making the reader his accomplice before he is aware of it. When he has won you to admiration by some startling fact in the world-round Irish story, he drops in an Irish anecdote, a welcome quip, a bit of quoted epigram that wakens a laugh or at least a sympathetic smile to testify to

your enjoyment. And the modest bulk of his book shows that he has trusted to the force and cogency and not the exhausting length of his argument. Read it and discover it all.

The author's theme will awaken many grave minds to some wrestling with the olden question of the human aspect of God's providence. How many have avoided seeking a conclusion thereon, and have left it among the unsolvable mysteries! Even those who, in the raptures of piety, adore the Creator as the divine, all embracing principle of love and question not His duress to His creatures, seek no solution this side of the grave of the hard fate meted out so often to His deserving children. Our author does not refer the question to the next world so far as the Irish are con-

cerned, and he has perspicacity enough to see that by a parallel road the Jews, so long-suffering through the ages, are marching along with the Celts of Ireland to new and greater victories than marked their story of old. The process modernises the equation.

A learned Japanese chemist has been lately proclaiming that the subtle flavors of all our staple foods are simply slight variants of a single definite substance whose presence is to be accounted for as Dame Nature's sly recommendation to the human palate of all things truly edible. No doubt at all the ingredients of the Irish soul include a similar essence, and its richness is to my mind one of the proofs of what our author so powerfully and merrily contends for—the love of God for the Irish.

One of the great defenses of the Irish even in Ireland's darkest century was their sense of humor. And what an asset is an indestructible cheerfulness! He who laughs at fate will outlive it. He surely has something beside, some superior fibre of being that will tell in time. But God's love of the Irish, despite their material plight and their long cheerless outlook to other eyes, was shown when He imbedded in their nature courage, devotion to ideals, and a love of learning that never was crushed out and failed not even when access to the founts of knowledge was denied them for a couple of hundred years. Here, then, was a stored soul energy, a latent brilliancy of intellect, both awaiting a providential lifting of the weight of oppression. It came, as it had to come.

The Irish who left Ireland soon proved that the Celt had conquering elements and winning qualities to make rosy his way. What figure of power and intellect Irishmen have made in the world, and particularly in our great Republic of America, must answer, in the light of fame, for such rude conquest as the peoples, luckier materially, have made in masses with the sword. The American Irish have a record to be proud of. How aptly our author quotes Chesterton: "Rome has conquered nations, but Ireland has conquered races."

One joins heartily in the author's glorying in the risen fortunes of the Gael and his pervasive and cheery presence in posts of honor and emolument all round the globe—posts won by brain-

power and sustained by physical power that is and has been his trade-mark—the invariable accompaniment of the stalwart reproductiveness of his race. Nothing that I know of has touched this off more happily than the lines in T. C. Irwin's wonderful "Potato-Digger's Song":

As the great sun sets in glory furled,
  Faith, it's grand to think as I watch his face,
If he never sets on the English world,
  He never, lad, sets on the Irish race.

APPRECIATION

By Dr. Maurice Francis Egan
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Denmark

COMING back to God's own country, not in the best of health or spirits, I find a glimpse of real enjoyment in Desmond's "Why God Loves the Irish." Much of my early education had taught me that God loved the Jews,—in Philadelphia we still read the Old Testament,—but I had never been taught that He specially loved the Irish, though I knew that they loved Him,—principally because they felt that one day He would properly chastise the

English! But that is past now; and Desmond has made me understand seriously why God loves the Irish; for one reason they are in love with perfection and consequently, in love with God.

Every Irish father who wants his children to be proud of the good blood in them would do well to buy this little volume; it will make better Americans of them, and make them understand that they must live up to the traditions of a great race.

I am filled with envy when I think that it is a descendant of those foreigners, the Desmonds, who is moved to write this enchanting book. It ought to have been an out-and-out Celt;—but, nevertheless, it will help people, like the O'Sullivans and the MacEgans and the Murphys and the O'Reillys, to forget

that these Desmonds were ever Normans.

It is no use for men of Irish blood to imagine that their children will understand the value of the qualities of that blood, unless they are taught something of its glories.

Let me thank you for sending the volume to me; it will save me the wear and tear of choosing proper Christmas and birthday gifts for the rest of my life.

"The nations have fallen, and thou still art
young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning
hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round
thee yet.
Erin, O Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest
shall fade."

—*Moore.*

WHY GOD LOVES THE IRISH

SAINTS AND SCHOLARS

I

SAINTS AND SCHOLARS

WE spent a few hours with Michael Davitt, one afternoon, during his last visit to this country. The conversation drifted to the topic nearest his heart—the future of the Irish people the world over, and especially their social betterment.

Some facts of the United States census were then fresh in our mind, in connection with a study we were making of Irish immigration. We thought it would interest Mr. Davitt to have the figures of the United States census, showing that Irish-Americans, propor-

tionately, led all other Americans in one special vocation—that of teaching.

There were fifty per cent. more Irish-Americans acting as guardians of the law in the capacity of policemen, than there were Irish-American liquor dealers. And there were three times as many Irish-American teachers as there were Irish-American policemen.

This information was very pleasing to Mr. Davitt, who said:

"It is racial! It is characteristic! It is the old function of the Celt reasserting itself. We were once 'the Isle of Saints and Scholars.' We taught Europe. They tried to degrade us with penal laws and landlordism, but these things are passing and we are reasserting ourselves. We belong in the schoolrooms of the world!"

It is a far cry from the twentieth back to the seventh and ninth centuries, when Ireland was "the light of Western Europe"; but the testimony in the case may be found in the pages of many erudite German and French writers.

"Till the Norse invasion broke over Ireland, at the end of the eighth century, the Irish Church was, both in learning and in missionary enthusiasm, the pioneer of European progress," says Prof. J. Howard Masterman, M. A. of Oxford, in his "Rights and Responsibilities of National Churches," p. 5 (1908).

This time the wise men came from the West, and not only as missionaries, but as teachers. Irish bishops occupied sees in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, a chain of Irish monasteries ex-

tended from Brittany to Bulgaria, and the names of more than two hundred Irish saints went upon the calendar of Christendom.

The Irish saint next in repute to St. Patrick—St. Columbkille—made Iona the island fortress of western Christianity, from which, for a hundred years, issued a stream of missionaries and teachers. It was upon his visit to this spot, many centuries later, that Dr. Johnson wrote the resounding words: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Northern England, as well as Scotland, was evangelized by Irish monks, and hundreds of English students crossed the Irish Sea to study in Irish

colleges. By what perverse fate do we find other Englishmen, a thousand years later, coming to Ireland to stamp out her fires of learning by acts of Parliament! The penal laws not only banished the priest, but they outlawed the schoolmaster. The rudiments of education had to be retained by stealth:

Within the lonely rath, beneath the mountain fern,
The schoolmaster and scholar met, *feloniously* to learn.

This incorrigible people could not be reduced to ignorance, because they could not forget their heritage of learning and the tradition that they once held the intellectual hegemony of Europe. So to-day and in the years immediately preceding the present great European

war, our immigration officials report that of the army of Irish immigrants landing at our ports, but slightly over one per cent. are illiterate.

Our literature teems with eulogies of the Puritans and the Huguenots, because of the sturdy moral qualities they developed out of trials and persecutions. The Irish and the Jews passed through far more drastic ordeals; but because there is not that clear thinking which perceives, above all prejudice, that the admirable thing is the heroism of the struggle, rather than one's particular liking for the principles or the beliefs preserved, the Irishman and the Jew have not been adequately appreciated. They do not, however, themselves fail in mutual recognition of the higher altitudes they occupy.

A Jewish mayor in an Iowa city made the opening address at St. Patrick's church fair. He paralleled what the Jews and the Irish had endured to preserve their faiths. He grew eloquent over the fidelity of the Irish; like the Jews, they had sat by the rivers of Babylon and wept as they remembered Zion. "And, my friends, let me say, in conclusion, that I was born a Jew, I have lived a Jew, and in all probability I will die a Jew; but if ever I should have occasion to change my religion, I would become an Irish Catholic."

The Irish race preferred their conscience and their religion to peace and prosperity. That is, fundamentally, the preference which leads a man of honor to adhere to his principles even at the cost of advancement and emolu-

ment. In the valuations of citizenship, one such man is worth ten other men of sordid motive and apathetic spirit. The ordeal by which the Irish as a race have proven themselves—their steadfastness to their beliefs—should justify a high appraisal of their qualifications for citizenship, particularly in the matter of moral courage. And this has been exemplified wherever the Irishman has been put to the test; this glory has been upon his head: that of a man whose courage in the hour of danger can always be relied upon.

If an oppressed people feel that they are standing up for a spiritual as well as a temporal cause, not only is their resistance more heroic, but the ordeal is better endured. There is less damage to the character and morale of a race thus

tried in a furnace of persecution seven times heated.

Their religion conserved for the Irish the soul of civilization; and so long as they held to it, their tyrants found it impossible to press them down into a condition of abject slavery. Had the oppressors succeeded in stifling the religion of the Irish, the consequences would have been most disastrous. The character of the nation would have been lowered. The renegade spirit would run into all other convictions and relationships.

Their morality has been preserved, as well as their manliness, by fidelity to faith. Their wonderful power of recuperation amid the surroundings of liberty and progress is due to the latent

civilization contained in their virile Christianity.

An Irish American priest, Father Shealy, puts the case this way: "The one awful failure to a nation is to fall from her ideals, to give up striving, to sell her soul to power and avarice or aught that serves the sordid sway of pride and passion. That, indeed, is failure which succeeds at the price of virtue and honor.

"Ireland might have been rich and favored. She might have merged her identity and her faith in an alien empire and alien worship. But she fought and died; she starved and agonized; and in defeat she has conquered. Her spirit still lives on."

UNDYING NATIONHOOD

II

UNDYING NATIONHOOD

SUPPOSE that the well-prepared invasion of France in those weeks following August 1, 1914, had not been turned back at the battle of the Marne, and that the blond superman of the north had come to possess and permanently rule over the fair fields of France.

In the course of a century the German schoolmaster might be teaching Europe that this great conquest was the triumph of the civilization of the Elbe and the Vistula over the disorganized civilization of the Seine,—Teutonic effi-

ciency prevailing as a question of superior *Kultur* over Gallic individualism and decadence.

Let the centuries roll on, and how the past glories of the conquered fade and are obliterated under the mastership of those who are making history,—and writing it! "Where, to-day, are the great cities of antiquity?" exclaimed an Irish orator,—"perished so utterly that it is doubtful whether they ever existed." A thousand years hence, Napoleon might be a legend, Austerlitz or Jena smiled at as myths, and the salons of Paris and the art galleries of Versailles as forgotten as "the harp that once thro' Tara's halls the soul of music shed."

How easily might the theory come to prevail among the dominant Ger-

mans of A. D. 3000 that the rebellious French, reduced economically to hewers of wood and drawers of water, were totally unfit for self-government!

This is the situation from which the Irish have been emerging. The British middle class, who, according to Matthew Arnold, "exhibit a narrow range of intellectual knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, and a low standard of manners," have always felt divinely called to impose their will as a benevolent despotism upon the Irish.

At a time when Edmund Burke was hailed as a great statesman, when George III. had publicly thanked him for his "Reflections on the French Revolution," and that book was lying on the table of every great house in England, Burke, with his increased prestige, was

besought by an Irish friend to use his opportunity and do something for Ireland; but he replied that as regards Ireland he was absolutely without influence. They would let him help rule England and rearrange Europe, but they would not take a suggestion from this cleverest of Irishmen as to Irish affairs. That epitomizes the reasonableness of English doubt of Irish fitness for self-government.

As late as 1825, Sydney Smith declared that "the moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots."

"It is," said Judge Morris (once head of the Irish bench), "the case of a very

unimaginative people attempting to govern a very imaginative and clever people, and you see the result." England finds Ireland intractable,—

The lovely and the lonely bride
That we have wedded, but have never won.

Victory is not always an essential to glory, otherwise the heroism at Thermopylæ would not have been the pride of Greece for all generations.

The Irish, as a nation, have not fared fortunately in the jostle of times and events. Ireland has been described as "the Niobe of nations,"

Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe.

But there must be stamina in a race that, banished and massacred, hunted

and famine-plagued, has kept the flag of its nationality flying through so many vicissitudes; notwithstanding which, it still has the vitality of a new life about it:

'Beauty's ensign yet is crimson in her lips
and in her cheek,
And death's pale flag is not advanced
there.

The late Governor Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, after a survey of Ireland's heroic struggle for nationality, has this appreciation:

"If I were a sculptor I would chisel in marble my ideal of a hero. I would make it the figure of an Irishman sacrificing his hopes and his life on the altar of his country, and I would carve

on its pedestal the name of Robert Emmet.

"If I were a painter I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of the bravest people who ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer and whose loyalty and devotion to the hopes of free government no tyrant can ever crush. And I would write under the picture 'Ireland.'

"If I were a poet, I would touch the heart of humanity with the mournful threnody of Ireland's wrongs and Erin's woes. I would weave the shamrock and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, the land of martyrs and memories, the cradle of heroes, the nursery of liberty."

A great American commander was

much applauded for fighting it out on one line "if it took all summer." The Irish have backed the principle of Home Rule through forty summers of hope and winters of disappointment, "never doubting that the clouds would break." If this is not an evidence of the real moral force of the race, where is there a better test? Many things happened to turn them from their stern chase; but their tenacity of purpose never wavered. Even their enemies must concede them the distinction implied.

The Ulster Irish also are a tenacious people. They come of Covenanter stock. They showed it at the siege of Derry. But Ulster tenacity is faced by Irish Nationalist tenacity—older, stronger, deeper, more patient, and—undying.

It is not improbable that northeast Ulster may change its views in the coming years. There are many broad and patriotic Irish Protestants. They dominated the situation as patriotic Irishmen in 1782, and they yielded scores of heroes in 1798. The tenacity of the north-of-Ireland Protestants may change its base and display itself in better policies.

But the tenacity of the Irish Nationalist will never let go of its cherished aim and purpose. It is destined to be the triumphant tenacity—"face forward" for all time, resolving,

Never to look behind me for an hour,
To wait in weakness and to walk in power.
But always fronting onward to the light,
Always and always facing toward the right,

Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide
astray,
On with what strength I have.

John Mitchel, himself an Ulster Protestant, wrote: "The passionate aspiration of Ireland for freedom will outlive the British Empire."

Marshall P. Wilder, famous among New Yorkers as an after-dinner speaker, often repeated an Irishman's toast to an English friend: "Here's to you, as good as you are; and here's to me, as bad as I am. But as good as you are and as bad as I am, I am as good as you are as bad as I am." This sentiment may be applied to the government of Ireland. Let the Irish try it themselves. Let them have riotous elections if necessary. Let them have Kilkenny

parliaments. Let the Speaker of the House use a shillalah for a gavel. Let the honorable member from Donnybrook "hurl the foul insinuations of the honorable member from Drogheda back into the throat of the cowardly defamer."

Even so. With all this lack of decorum, the Irish could not make a worse failure of the government of Ireland than have the English. Even in the enlightened nineteenth century the English attempt to govern Ireland has been a record of coercion and famine, eviction and depopulation, jury-packing, suppression of public meetings, and the jailing of Ireland's best patriots. No; even a Donnybrook fair would rule Ireland with better wisdom and better results.

In the dawning of a better England, the Irishman has been called to rule nearly every portion of the British Empire except his native soil. Speaking at Quebec in 1878, Lord Dufferin, an Irishman, then Governor-General of Canada, genially observed:

"There is no doubt that the world is best administered by Irishmen. Things never went better with us, either at home or abroad, than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain, Lord Mayo governed India, Lord Monck directed the destinies of Canada, and the Robinsons, the Kennedys, the Laffans, the Callaghans, the Gores, the Hennessys administered the affairs of our Australian colonies and West Indian possessions."

So, in the process of the solution of the Irish land question, the final and drastic measure of relief came through the constructive talent of George Wyndham, a great-grandson of an Irish rebel of 1798. Mr. Wyndham's Land Act of 1903, says Sir Horace Plunkett, was put through Parliament by "the masterly tact, temper and ability" with which he handled the situation.

There is a story of the father of Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, that he took his son into one of the temples of the African city and induced him to swear upon the altar never to make peace with the Roman people, but to wage incessant warfare against them until their pride should be humbled.

History tells us how well Hannibal

kept his promise. He laid plans for years. Then he swept the Romans out of Spain. He crossed the Alps and routed one Roman army after another until his soldiers were in sight of the walls of Rome. Had he gone right ahead and not paused before attacking the ancient London, he might have conquered effectually.

Hannibal's purpose of enmity is cherished by every descendant of the Irish race without the formula of an oath. Everywhere to meddle with the designs of England; everywhere to beat down her power; everywhere to nullify her treaties and to interfere with her friendships; everywhere to injure her commerce—such is the instinctive spirit of the race. It is a taste for world-wide mischief.

In the seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children cry against you, Woe!
—*Shakespeare.*

Anglo-Saxons may talk of a "common Shakespeare," and great leaders may speak of a "kin beyond the sea," but the presence of an element running into the millions; following the Englishman everywhere; becoming more intelligent and more effective; more wealthy and more astute; holding the balance of power in English-speaking legislatures, and stealing into the courts and navies of great nations, cannot be overlooked. There is an "irrepressible conflict." There must be a final settlement.

THE LEAVEN OF DEMOCRACY

III

THE LEAVEN OF DEMOCRACY

EVERYBODY recalls "Il Bacio," a famous waltz song composed by Arditi in the middle of the last century. He tells us that this wistful melody came to him during a vacation among the hills and valleys of western Ireland.

He jotted it down on an envelope and later finished it at the request of a great soprano whose engagement he was managing in England and who wished a new song. The song was an instant success. Arditi did not grow

rich out of it, but it made him famous. The music publishers reaped the harvest. Flaxman, who bought the French rights, made one hundred thousand dollars out of the winsome song, and he pointed to a fine building in Paris as a monument to his profits.

How many other melodies have sounded and sobbed through the Æolian harp of the Irish hills and valleys, to be caught up and made world-possessions, but without credit! How many fine fancies, how many germinal ideas, how many moving thoughts have come to mankind in like manner from the life and lore of the same people!

Henry George got the germ of his "Progress and Poverty" from the writings of the Irish recluse, J. Fintan Lalor. Karl Marx came to London in

the mid-60's to write his bible of Socialism from texts found in the works of the Irishman, William Thomson,—so says Dr. Anton Menger, professor of jurisprudence in the University of Vienna. Neal Dow, the father of prohibition, is quoted as saying that he got his inspiration from Father Mathew.

And so we may conjecture with more or less plausibility "adown the ages": Copernicus may have studied that old ecclesiastical controversy of the eighth century, wherein the Irish bishop, Virgilius, argued the sphericity of the earth; Columbus may have been inspired by the "Voyages of St. Brendan," of which there were many translations in his time; and Dante, as a widely read man, may have been familiar with the legend of St. Patrick's

Purgatory, which might well have suggested the "Inferno."

A brilliant Irish-American, Ignatius Donnelly, has complained that the greater part of history is simply "recorded legends," while the rest represents merely "the passions of factions, the hates of sects, or the servility and venality of historians." In our age we are rewriting history in a more instructive vein.

Some very practical economic topics are illustrated by the experience of Ireland. The question of protection and free trade has two epochs of Irish history related to it—that of 1782, when the Volunteers inscribed on their cannon, "Free Trade or—!" and that of 1846, when the Irish famine compelled

Sir Robert Peel to give up the time-honored English policy of protection.

The gravest social question of our time—the land question—is studied in the Irish agitation of the past forty years. The always curious topic of emigration is examined under conditions close at hand in the exodus of three or four million people from Ireland during the last sixty years. The student of political agitation will find a picturesque interest in the monster meetings organized by Daniel O'Connell, where as many as four hundred thousand people assembled and dispersed with gravity and order; and the student of social betterment, a like impressive subject in the crusade of Father Mathew, who in a few years

pledged two millions of his countrymen to total abstinence.

We do not assume to argue that Irish history has exceptional features of interest, although this may well be claimed. What seems a reasonable position to take, however, is to assert that this study enlightens the reader respecting some of the profoundest topics in the world's history, and that, aside from more direct considerations, it well deserves attention.

The more direct considerations are found in the fact that the Irish element constitutes a large infusion in the American nation, and we study the history of the American people best when we follow them back to their ancestral homes.

The Irish undoubtedly have a reli-

gious mission, but they also have a political mission. If in one direction they are the modern pioneers of Christianity, in another direction they are the reliable auxiliaries of the democratic movement.

About the year 1680, we find the term "Tory" in English politics, and applied to public men who favored leniency to the Catholics. The name "Tory" originated in Ireland; it was applied in the sixteenth century to a kind of Whiteboy or Ribbonman banditti of that day.

Could the spirit of Patrick Sarsfield come back to-day, it would surprise him to find the Irish, once the allies of the Tories, now so solidly against them. Or could Oliver Cromwell revisit the glimpses of the moon, he would be equally surprised to find the Irish vot-

ing with the English party which traces its ancestry back to the Roundheads of the Long Parliament.

The explanation is that the Irish race, originally royalist in sympathy, due to their clan system and the evil star of the Stuarts, have been driven by circumstances into the great democratic movement of modern times.

Edmund Burke was a Whig. Whig leaders like Fox and Sheridan were more friendly to Ireland and Catholic emancipation than the Tory leaders. O'Connell, on entering the British Parliament, allied himself with the Whigs or Liberals under the Melbourne ministry (1836-41), and he opposed the succeeding Tory administration of Sir Robert Peel. He found the Whigs more disposed to do justice to Ireland.

Lecky, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" (chapter viii.), mentions the prediction (made at the time of the Union), that the Irish members would range themselves on the side of "the powers that be" and increase the influence of the Crown; and he thus proceeds:

"It need scarcely be added that the influence of Irish representation has proved the exact opposite of what had been predicted. A majority of Irish members turned the balance in favor of the great democratic reform bill of 1832; and from that day there has scarcely been a democratic measure which they have not powerfully assisted. When, indeed, we consider the votes they have given, the principles they have

been the means of introducing into English legislation, and the influence they have exercised on the House of Commons, it is probably not too much to say that their presence in the British Parliament has proved the most powerful of all agents in accelerating the democratic transformation of English politics."

Most of the great Irish relief measures of the last fifty years were brought in by Gladstone and his Liberal followers.

The Irish are a clear-minded people, and they see that democratic measures like the extension of the suffrage and the overthrow of the Lords strengthen them as a force in British politics, and lead to the gradual improvement of their

industrial and political status. They are also a logical people, and therefore recognize their duty to support liberal, democratic, and humanitarian measures, wherever and for whomsoever these boons are invoked, as the following episode will illustrate:

Many years ago, when Negro slavery existed in the British colonies of the West Indies, a little party of three men in the British Parliament began to agitate, in season and out of season, for Negro emancipation. Daniel O'Connell, with the few Irish members who supported him, threw his strength to this little party on every division. There was a West Indian interest pledged to maintain Negro slavery, and this interest counted twenty-seven votes in Parliament. They came to O'Connell and

offered to throw their twenty-seven votes to him on every Irish question if he would oppose Negro emancipation.

"It was," said Wendell Phillips, "a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded! O'Connell said: 'Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest nation the sun ever sees, but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if to serve Ireland, even Ireland, I forget the Negro one single hour!' "

There spoke the consistent lover of liberty, the statesman who carried good morals into politics; for, as Edmund Burke says, "politics are morals in their larger development." It is too costly a price to pay if one conviction must be debauched in order that another con-

viction may prosper. Need we wonder that the profoundest of English poets, Coleridge, was moved to say, having O'Connell in mind:

"O for a great man—for one really great man who could feel the power and weight of a principle and unflinchingly put it into action! See how triumphant in debate and action O'Connell is! Why? Because he asserts a broad principle and acts upon it—rests all his weight on it and has faith in it."

The high ideals of the great Irish Liberator have been cherished by his successors.

"In many ways I greatly admire and sympathize with the Irish party. They are brilliant parliamentarians. Both as orators and as tacticians they are supe-

rior, far superior, to any other group in the House of Commons. Although the majority of them are poor men, . . . no breath of corruption has ever touched their honor."

So wrote Sydney Brooks, an English journalist, in the March, 1909, "North American Review," in No. X. of a series of articles entitled, "The New Ireland." These articles are substantially anti-Home Rule and anti-Nationalist, though intermixed with many judicious admissions.

"But," somebody will ask, "how about the Irish-American politician in our American cities?"

Lincoln Steffens, whose study of "the graft evil" has made him a national authority on the subject, telling the story

of his investigations in "McClure's Magazine," says:

"When I set out on my travels, an honest New Yorker told me honestly that I would find that the Irish—the Catholic Irish—were at the bottom of it all, everywhere.

"The first city I went to was St. Louis, a German city. The next was Minneapolis, a Scandinavian city with a leadership of New Englanders. Then I came to Pittsburgh—Scotch Presbyterian—and that was what my New England friend was. 'Ah, but they are all foreign populations,' I heard. The next city was Philadelphia, the purest American community of all, and this was most hopeless. And after that came Chicago and New York, both mongrel-

bred, but the one a triumph of reform, and the other the best example of good government that I had seen. The 'foreign element' excuse is one of the hypocritical lies that save us from the clear sight of ourselves."

Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth" (volume II., page 241), has a paragraph of like tenor:

"The immigrants," he says, "are not so largely responsible for the faults of American politics as the stranger might be led, by the language of many Americans, to believe. There is a disposition on the part of Americans to use them, and especially the Irish, much as the cat is used in the kitchen to account for the disappearance of eatables. The cities, no doubt, suffered from the immi-

grants—but New York was not an Eden before the Irish came."

When it comes to a proper study of graft in its entirety, a much larger record must be brought into evidence than the municipal graft record. Take the amount of graft put away by Tweedism in New York; multiply it by ten; then add the amount of graft to the discredit of the Philadelphia ring, and multiply that total by ten, and you will come nowhere near the total amount of graft put away by the financial magnates of the United States in constructing new lines and buying and selling and bonding small roads to the systems they controlled. And these big graft manipulators uniformly have names that are decidedly not Irish.

THE SEA-DIVIDED GAEL

IV

THE SEA-DIVIDED GAEL

THE Irish are gone with a vengeance," said "The London Times" jubilantly in the year following the Irish famine. "In a short time a Catholic Celt will be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan." Nevertheless, two generations later, the Celt is still numerous on the banks of the Shannon and on the banks of the Thames also; and more numerous on the shores of Manhattan than the Red Indian ever was.

Nor does he forget Ireland wherever

he goes. He has indeed "gone with a vengeance," but in a sense quite different than that of "The London Times." As a poet (Thomas D'Arcy McGee) of that great migration wrote:

Hail to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,
In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the Atlantic sea—
Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales,
Or spread beneath the nightless North experimental sails—
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send;
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end;
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails

The past or future honors of the far-dispersed Gaels:
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

More Irish immigrants came to America in the mid-third of the nineteenth century (1847-80), than the total population of the colonies at the beginning of the Revolution. Nineteenth century Irish immigration exceeded numerically the northern migrations that overturned the Roman Empire.

Irish immigration, coming, as it did, almost exclusively to the northern States, gave the North its preponderance in Congress and broke down the sectional equilibrium upon which the institution of slavery rested. Know-Nothingism, which sought to shut out

the immigrant or prevent his naturalization, was eagerly welcomed by the South, but it was too late.

Draper ("American Civil War," I. 446) puts this opinion in the mouth of a slaveholder: "The mistake with us has been that it was not made a felony to bring in an Irishman when it was made piracy to bring in an African." So there was a direct relationship between the Irish famine and the Emancipation Proclamation. Except for Irish immigration, the American Negro would have clanked his chains for a generation longer.

No immigrant to our shores has been more willing to forswear allegiance to foreign kings and *Kulturs* than the Irish, and none has been more ready to enter upon the full duties of his Ameri-

can citizenship. He has never shown himself apathetic or indifferent on election day. He votes early—and no doubt, if it were legally required, he would vote often. Nor does he decline civic responsibilities. On this score there is, at times, complaint from people who would never face a mob or fight a fire, that there are too many Irish in the police and fire departments. Such is also the case if you will examine the army and navy enlistments when the country is in danger and it is necessary to fill up the ranks; but there is no complaint about this.

Many years ago, John Randolph of Roanoke said: "I have seen a white crow and heard of black swans, but an Irish opponent of American liberty I never either saw or heard of." Irish-

Americans have never produced any Benedict Arnolds or Aaron Burrs. They have never raised the red flag above the Stars and Stripes. They have come upon the platform of democracy with both feet and two fists. Their Americanism is heart-whole, without reserve, jubilant, riant, and scintillant.

An Irish alderman at a Forefathers' dinner in Boston preached the duty of patriotism: "Every man," he said,—"every man should love his native land, whether he was born there or not."

Later immigrations have learned this lesson from the Irishman's daughter teaching in the public schools. In New York a little son of Italy, twelve years old, came to his teacher and asked if he could not have his name changed.

"Why do you want to change your name?" the teacher asked.

"I want to be an American. I live in America now."

"What American name would you like?"

"I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a scrap of paper on which was written, "Patrick Dennis McCarthy."

This seems to illustrate Chesterton's remark: "Rome has conquered nations, but Ireland has conquered races." The Irish are a socially expansive people, because neighborly by nature, and always ready to sympathize and serve.

"The endowments of the Celt supplement those of the Saxon," said Goldwin Smith. "What the Saxon lacks in liveliness, grace, and warmth, the Celt supplies. The two races, blended, pro-

duce a great and gifted nation." The melting-pot has been blending this immigration for two centuries, and it is not improbable that a third of the American people to-day have Irish blood in their veins.

At times an able lawyer, who wins a notable case by a brilliant speech, is found crediting it to "the dash of Irish" in his ancestry. The newspapers speak of the same fighting blood helping a public man through a plucky battle for principle or preferment; and again we hear of the beautiful American actress "with the Irish eyes," or of some charming woman whose wit and vivacity, according to the society reporter, "come naturally from an Irish grandmother."

In like manner, Irvin Cobb, arguing that the Celtic strain is strong among

the people of the South, says: "The soft speech of the Southerner; his warm heart and his hot head, his readiness to begin a fight and to forgive his opponent afterwards; his veneration for woman's chastity and his love for the ideals of his native land—all these are heritages of his Irish ancestry, transmitted to him through two generations."

It seems invidious, when appraising Irish ability, to distinguish by counties or dates of settlement what is after all quite evenly distributed. Especially is this so with respect to so loosely applied a designation as "Scotch-Irishman"—if indeed this individual may not be a cousin of Sarah Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris—"which there ain't no such person." Austin O'Malley is somewhat justified in defining "Scotch Irish" as a

"term used in American obituary notices to convey the information that a Connaughtman died a Freemason."

Fifty years ago it was a matter of regret with those who had the welfare of the Irish-American element at heart, that Irish immigration remained so largely in the cities. We have since learned to qualify this regret upon these considerations: (1) Urban settlement obeyed an economic law to which all immigrations submitted, the later immigrations even in a larger percentage than the Irish. (2) In the heyday of Irish immigration (1845-60) but one-fifth of the American population dwelt in cities; now fully half our population is urban. (3) Cities are no longer the charnel-houses of population. Under improved sanitary conditions, cities are

about as healthful as rural districts; there is little difference in the birth and death rates. (4) Racial segregation is less possible and Americanization more feasible under the condition of city life. And this, of course, is an all-round benefit.

A glance at the place-names will show that Irish immigration has widely distributed itself throughout the United States. There are scores of American Dublins, Waterfords and Belfasts; at least a thousand American place-names begin with Mac or O; and, in all, nearly seven thousand cities, counties, villages and rivers attest by their names that the Celt has been there as a pioneer and town-builder.

William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, who visited this country some years ago,

declared that the most striking thing he saw here was the number of fat Irishmen. They are often fine-looking fellows, and we can see nothing unpatriotic in a people, so long exposed to famine, finally exhibiting unmistakable evidences of being well nourished.

"Englishmen, Scotchmen, Jews, do well in Ireland—Irishmen never," says George Moore. "Even the patriot has to leave Ireland to get a hearing." There is some truth in this remark. It is not best even for an Irish-American to confine himself to an Irish-American community. The Irish race is really a leaven. It is needed to lift the world. It must not segregate itself; lumped and isolated, it misses its best incentives. But, of course, its prosperity when transplanted is also largely due to bet-

ter civic conditions and escape from oppressive laws and institutions.

Macaulay illustrates this in the following passage referring to the status of the Irish who migrated to the continent of Europe in the eighteenth century:

"There were, indeed," he says, "Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, energy, and ambition; but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland —at Versailles and St. Ildefonso, in the armies of Frederic and in the armies of Maria Theresa. One exile became a Marshal of France. Another became Prime Minister of Spain. If he had stayed in his native land he would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who

had signed the declaration against transubstantiation. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the ambassadors of King George II., and of bidding defiance in high terms to the ambassadors of George III. Scattered over all Europe were to be found brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomats, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish Knights of St. Louis and St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and the Golden Fleece, who if they had remained in the house of bondage could not have been ensigns of marching regiments or freemen of petty corporations."

We may, in this connection, recall the story of an Irish schoolmaster, who was examining a class in geography. "Now,

my lad," he said to a clever little chap, "tell us what latitude is." The clever little chap smiled and winked. "Latitude?" he said. "Oh, sir, there's none o' that in Ireland; sure the English won't allow us any, sir."

Their national vicissitudes have been parturitions out of which the international importance of the Irish race has developed. It is probable that in 1900 there were nearly as many Irish-born persons, and twice as many of Irish parentage, living outside of Ireland as within the native isle of the race.

So the whole world and all nineteenth century history are dotted with distinguished names of this expatriate people. O'Higgins commands the Chilean army, Plunkett is governor of New Zealand, Duffy is an Australian premier, O'Do-

herty is archbishop of Manila, Hennessy is governor of Hong Kong, O'Donnell is premier of Spain, Taafe is premier of Austria, MacMahon is president of the French Republic, O'Connor is British ambassador to Turkey, Lord Russell of Killowen is chief justice of England, Fitzpatrick is chief justice of Canada, Walsh is governor of Massachusetts, Glynn is governor of New York, Sheridan is commander-in-chief of the American army, and Irish grandsires have furnished five presidents of the United States.

An American bishop has written a book on the "Religious Mission of the Irish Race." The Irish have done more to spread the Catholic Church in the last hundred years than all its missionary forces in three hundred years. They

have built a thousand churches in the great South Sea continent of Australia. They have thrown a million of their race into England to begin its reconquest to the faith. They have made the Catholic Church numerically by far the largest and most influential Christian denomination in the United States. While there are to-day twenty-five Catholic bishops in Ireland, there are more than a hundred Catholic bishops with Irish names in other parts of the world.

St. Patrick's Day is, in our time, the most widely celebrated of national anniversaries. The salvo with which it opens in Dublin is caught up in Paris by descendants of the Irish Brigade, echoed by students of the Irish College in Rome and by bands of Irish soldiers

in Cairo; Bombay is a-wearing of the green, Melbourne is in gala attire, San Francisco is in mass meeting assembled, and a hundred other cities bear along the chorus to New York and Boston.

One may adapt Webster's famous passage to the progress of this Irish feast day—it follows the sun, and keeps company with the hours, until the whole world is circled around with the minstrel strains of Ireland.

WIT AND GRIT

V

WIT AND GRIT

THAT the Irish, with their traditions of learning, are an intellectual people, that they are unswerving in their faith and undying in their national spirit, are matters sufficiently recalled in the foregoing paragraphs. It appears, too, that they are enlisted as *avant-couriers* and leaders in the great democratic movement of our age and that their history touches some of the interesting problems of modern progress. Furthermore, the destiny of these people has brought them to wield an international influence. These are among

the larger counts in the case which may be pressed in the forum of the world's opinion in behalf of the Irish.

There are other merits that will be conceded without argument. Irish bravery, Irish music and Irish wit, for instance, are universally celebrated. We need not, therefore, pause long upon these attributes.

It will be sufficient, as to the first, to quote what the correspondent of the London "Times," who was an eye-witness, wrote of the charge of Meagher's Irish Brigade at the Battle of Fredericksburg:

"Never at Fontenoy, at Albuera, or at Waterloo was more undaunted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which

they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. . . . That any mortal man could have carried the position, defended as it was, it seems idle to believe. But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidences what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle-fields and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Heights, December 13, 1862."

The flags of some nations bear the figure of a cross or a crown, a sword, a scepter or a star. The Irish is the only flag that enthrones a musical instrument. Dante is quoted (by Galilei) as

saying that Ireland gave Italy the harp; and the harp, of course, is the mother of the pianoforte. Mason, a musical authority, asserts that "it is a matter of certitude that Ireland gave Germany her first lessons in musical art." Italy and Germany, the leaders in modern music, may have sat at the feet of the old Irish bards. It is not unfitting: the Brehons and the bards, the lawgivers and the ballad-makers, were the virtual rulers of ancient Ireland.

Just as many of the marble palaces of Renaissance Rome were builded out of stone taken from the ruins of the Coliseum, so many of the ballads of the modern world were gathered from the rich and generous store of Irish folk songs. "Robin Adair" has been traced

to the older Irish "Aileen Aroon" of the fifteenth century. Burns' inimitable words are often set to Irish bardic airs. Our "Yankee Doodle" adopts the tune of "All the Way to Galway" and ever and anon popular songs of the day get their lilt from the Irish, as in the case of "Sweet Marie" and "Baby Mine," which sing again with little alteration the ballad of the Shan van Voght. No wonder Stephen Foster, our most famous song writer, who immortalized himself in "My Old Kentucky Home," "Nelly Bly," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," etc., was of Irish parentage.

A whole literature of music has grown up around Moore's "Last Rose of Summer." Mendelssohn put it in his "Fantasia," Flotow introduces it in

his "Marta," and even Beethoven has a setting of it. How often Patti won an ovation with this her favorite ballad!

All the armies of the world have swung forward to the rhythm of "Garryowen"—"the finest marching tune in the world," according to Col. Roosevelt.

We are apt to forget that "Maritana" and other popular operas are by Irish composers, although Balfe, the author of "The Bohemian Girl," and Sullivan, of comic opera fame, are better identified. Signor Foli, the sweet singer, needed only slightly to Italianize his Irish name, but Victor Herbert, America's favorite writer of light operas, like Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, is not readily supposed to be of Irish birth. American audiences have enjoyed no better voices than those of Plunket Green and

John McCormack, no finer organ renditions than those of Dudley Buck and Brendan Rogers; and Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore's magnificent band is the memory of a generation.

It seems to be agreed that the old Gaels were a serious-minded race; even their minstrelsy was plaintive. That the modern Irish are a witty people would seem to bear out the theory of Burton's "Anatomy" that melancholy is the mother of wit. The Irish have learned to be cheerful through tribulation. Their optimism is born of their sorrows. Otherwise their wit would be "dour" like that of the Scotch. It is best exhibited in the satire of Swift, the comedy of Sheridan, the repartee of Curran, the epigram of George Bernard Shaw, and the drollery of "Mr. Dooley."

The pat answer which has been defined as "an Irish come-back" is more typical of Irish wit than the bull. Bulls, which are common to the humor of all lands, usually indicate slow comprehension or lax thinking. But the Irish bull is often an instance of thought overleaping itself, a flash of perspicacity.

An Irish M.P. once set the English press laughing by his picture of the desolation of a certain district in misgoverned Ireland. He said there was "no living creature on it except the sea gulls that flew over it." The picture of a deserted farm was in his mind, and the sea gulls flying landward from an approaching storm heightened the sense of desolation. He was really an impressionist, too far in advance of his audience in over-vaulting thought.

When a shrewd doctor says that "warm stockings are the best chest protectors," we recognize a forcible and picturesque statement; when Napoleon declared that "most people dig their graves with their teeth," we see a pointed truth. But when a Kerry doctor remarks dryly that "people are dying this winter that never died before," we see a merry Irish "bull." The statement, properly interpreted, is that people who withstood all former trying spells of cold weather are succumbing to this spell, begor! The Kerry man has stated the matter with piquancy. A witty Dublin lawyer remarks: "Englishmen also make bulls; but the Irish bull is always pregnant."

Blarney is one of the best native products of the Emerald Isle, and there is

no tariff on it. Irish immigration has brought it over duty free, to add to the gayety of the nation. Recently on a crowded street car in Chicago, an Irishman gave up his seat to a lady. She was Irish, too, and did not neglect to thank him. "Thank you kindly," said she. "You're a jewel." "No, indeed," said he, " 'tis a jeweler I am—I set jewels."

Blarney is the art of implying a compliment with such delicacy and wit that the lady will not feel embarrassed. A gallant Irish colonel sat next to a charming suffragette at a dinner party. She overwhelmed him with her conversation, but at last checking herself, she said: "I have talked so much, you must think I am in love with the sound of my own voice." "Well, now, ma'am," said the

gallant colonel, "I knew you liked music."

Students of sociology find a test of the degree of civilization in the esteem and respect shown woman. That is an ideal state where innocence may dwell unscathed and purity go about without guardianship. An incident related in Warner's "History of Ireland" is thus rendered in one of Moore's Melodies:

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm—
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more."

A chivalrous respect for women is a generally admitted virtue of the Irishman everywhere. "The Irish peasant is a natural gentleman," said the late George W. Steevens (a Londoner who came to Ireland as the correspondent of a Tory newspaper). But why not, in a paradise of fair women, argues Mr. Steevens (in "Things Seen"):

"The only thing more beautiful than the Irish land is the Irish women; even when they are old . . . the grace and the wonderful eyes and the courteous, modest, liquid speech compel the homage you would not pay to diamonds."

Where women are thus fair and men chivalrous, we have a nation richly blessed in faithful wives and true husbands, good sons and loving daughters. It is doubtful whether anything more tender and endearing has ever been written to the memory of a father, than the following poem by Katherine Tynan, which forms a prelude to her "Twenty-five Years' Reminiscences." Here the Irish daughter's heart-love goes forth to her comrade father, her remembrance of him fixed in the setting of the grey hills and green valleys of the Irish home-land.

You were a part of the green country,
Of the grey hills and the quiet places.
They are not the same, the fields and the mountains,
Without the lost and beloved faces,
And you were a part of the sweet country.

There's a road that winds by the foot of the mountains
Where I run in my dreams and you come to meet me,
With your blue eyes and your cheeks' old roses,
The old fond smile that was quick to greet me.
They are not the same, the fields and the mountains.

There is something lost, there is something lonely,
The birds are singing, the streams are calling,
The sun's the same and the wind in the meadows,
But o'er your grave are the shadows falling,
The soul is missing, and all is lonely.

It is what they said: you were part of the country,
You were never afraid of the wind and weather,

I can hear in dreams the feet of your pony,
You and your pony coming together.
You will drive no more through the pleasant
country.

You were a part of the fields and mountains,
Everyone knew you, everyone loved you,
All the world was your friend and neighbour,
The women smiled and the men approved
you.
They are not the same, the fields and the
mountains.

I sigh no more for the pleasant places,
The longer I've lost you the more I miss
you.
My heart seeks you in dreams and shadows,
In dreams I find you, in dreams I kiss you,
And wake, alas! to the lonely places.

Robert Louis Stevenson once said: "If Ireland were a volcanic island and should sink in the sea some night, the world would be bereft of more than half

its poetic and imaginative people." The Irish have "as fair and bounteous a harvest of myth and romance as ever flourished among any race," and of this Shakespeare in his "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Spenser in his "Faerie Queene" bear testimony.

Oscar Wilde said of his countrymen: "We are the greatest talkers since the Greeks." Such expressions as "He's a very conversable person," "You wouldn't be tired listening to him," are caught up from the mouths of the peasants. Michael Miskell refuses a proffer of tobacco and says: "All I am craving for is the talk." Lady Gregory declares she was often proud, when at Westminster, to see the House fill up when an Irish M.P. rose to talk.

But has the race the every-day virtues, the staying qualities that win the victories of peace? In this connection some one has characterized the Celtic state of mind as a "vehement reaction against the despotism of fact." But this is not necessarily futility or inconsequence; often it is the temper that gets the world out of ruts. Such was the state of mind of Napoleon when he said, "There shall be no Alps"; and of Columbus, when he ordered his crew to "Sail on! Sail on!" though

> Before him not the ghost of shores—
> Before him only shoreless seas.

In our generation we speak much about efficiency. When America, in 1898, declared war against Spain, a red-headed Irish-American named Rowan

was asked to deliver a letter to Garcia, the rebel Cuban leader, then roving somewhere in the interior of the island. In four days Rowan landed in Cuba, got through the Spanish lines, plunged into the jungle to find the elusive rebel leader, and in three weeks came out at the other end of the island, having successfully "carried the message to Garcia." He did not ask where he should find Garcia, or how he should get to him, or what was in the letter. He just went and did the business. Rowan was of the type of efficient men that all big enterprises are looking for—men who "deliver the goods."

Flannagan, a merchandise broker in a western city, who retired some years ago with a comfortable fortune, likes to recall that his books would show deal-

ings with a wide variety of customers, including the Cohens and the MacPhersons. And he has some satisfaction in citing his own case as a pretty fair test of trading efficiency: An Irishman who could buy merchandise from a Jew and sell it to a Scotchman at a profit.

"Pat's pick built our railroads; his brain now directs what his brawn produced." James J. Hill, son of an Irish-Canadian farmer, came to the United States to develop a great railway system in the West, and Thomas Shaughnessy (now Lord Shaughnessy), an Irish-American, dropped a petty political position in an American city to become a financial and industrial magnate in Canada. How many such instances in American industrial history! The United States Steel Corporation, em-

ploying 270,000 men and capitalized at a billion, is the largest industrial organization in the world, and at its head as president and general manager is an Irish-American, James Farrell, who started in the mills as a laborer.

These men were not mere millionaires or adepts in high finance; they were pioneers of enterprise, captains of industry and builders of empire,—men whose character and ability win respect quite apart from their money, their success, or their position.

IRISH IDEALISM

VI

IRISH IDEALISM

THE Irish, of course, have the defects of their qualities,—and other defects besides. All of which, however, lie close to the surface. These faults we are not celebrating in this presentation. We are guided by the policy of the French, who in their art galleries, in the great halls devoted to battle scenes, show us Marengo and Jena and Austerlitz, but no pictures of Waterloo. French defeats are not commemorated by the French.

In a treatise on "Prejudice," one of the governing laws of that unjust atti-

tude of mind might be outlined as having special reference to minorities and so-called smaller peoples.

Pursuant to this law, there is, in disparagement, a constant disposition to reason from the particular to the general, to establish a universal conclusion out of a few more or less isolated prejudicial facts. Prejudice, being by nature cowardly, will not so conclude as to a nationality strong and dominant for the moment—like, say, the British or the German; but it will be very ready to deal its summary injustice to the Irish, the Bohemians, or the Jews.

So minorities, suffering from such disparagement, need for their own protection to welcome praises and eulogiums, to celebrate their victories, and to sing their patriotic anthems.

"Nations, like individuals, derive support and strength from the feeling that they belong to an illustrious race, that they are the heirs of their greatness and ought to be the perpetuators of their glory."

Even some Irishmen have, unconsciously, imbibed the Saxon contempt for Irish ways and Irish points of view. Austin O'Malley has this circumstance in mind when he wittily remarks: "God is good to the Irish, but no one else is; not even the Irish" ("Keystones of Thought," p. 188). The finer values in Irish character and Celtic intellect have been misprized. Racial pride must reassert its inheritance.

Americans ought to know something of English capacity for disparagement. English critics and travellers, from Syd-

ney Smith to Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens, with singular unanimity, at least down to the end of our Civil War, have found fault with our institutions and our manners, our tendencies and our twang, our politics and our personal appearance, leaving us hardly a merit to stand upon.

The English talent for disparagement fairly exceeds itself when it undertakes the task of explaining British misrule of Ireland by blaming it all upon the character and disposition and what-not-else of the Irish. As for instance: "The Irishman," says the English historian Froude, "is a chronic rebel." Upon which Horace Greeley remarks, "A rebel is a man with sense enough to know when he is oppressed." That has been common sense in Ireland.

When Ireland was a nation her ideals of expansion were intellectual and moral, not military or commercial. She did not bring Christianity to France and Germany by conquest, nor civilization by the mailed fist.

> We have wronged no race, we have robbed no land.
> We have never oppressed the weak.
> And this, in the face of Heaven, is the nobler thing to speak,

says John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Irish invasion of Europe was an invasion of teachers and missionaries. They stood for the things of the soul and their distinction was spiritual-mindedness. This devotion to idealism goes everywhere with their wanderings in the modern world. The Irish element is

not only an evangelizer, but it is everywhere in the forward line for civil liberty and social and economic equality.

Back in the thirteenth century, one of the great scholars of that age was crowned as "the Subtle Doctor." Duns Scotus, whose Celticism is undoubted, here exhibited a characteristic of the racial intellect. Sometimes touched with emotion, it is more apt to be inspired by imagination and mysticism,—the craving for the deeper insight and the vision beyond the mist. The Irish mind, nevertheless, delights in reasoning and criticism; it is quick, sharp, and active, keen in analysis and rapid and ready in combining and correlating.

The dominant note in Celtic literature, according to Matthew Arnold, is sentiment. The Irish temperament is

poetic. It looks for abiding good. It craves the love that does not alteration find. It seeks the eternal verities—as in the old Irish song rendered to us by Gerald Griffin:

> Castles are sacked in war,
> Chieftains are scattered far;
> Truth is a fixed star,
> Eileen Aroon.

When Moore wrote "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes," he comprehended the eternal dualism of the Irish temperament. We understand men and we understand races best when we understand their moods. Here is a little poem from the pen of Theodosia Garrison (in "McClure's Magazine") which is a flashlight into the depths of the Irish heart:

Katie had the grand eyes, and Delia had a way with her,
And Mary had the saint's face, and Maggie's waist was neat,
But Sheila had the merry heart that traveled all the day with her,
That put the laughing on her lips and dancing in her feet.

I've met with martyrs in my time, and faith, they make the best of it,
But 'tis the uncomplaining ones that wear a sorrow long.
'Twas Sheila had the better way, and that's to make a jest of it,
To call her trouble out to dance and step it with a song.

Eh! but Sheila had the laugh the like of drink to weary ones
(I've never heard the beat of it, for all I've wandered wide),
And out of all the girls I know—the tender ones, the dreary ones—

'Twas only Sheila of the laugh that broke
her heart and died!

Kate Douglas Wiggin, in a good-humored book of Irish travel, gives us an inn-keeper's leisurely philosophy:

"At Brodigan's all the clocks are from ten to twenty minutes fast or slow.

" 'How do you catch trains?' I asked Mr. Brodigan.

" 'Sure, that's not an every-day matter, and why be foosthering over it? But we do four times out five, ma'am.'

" 'How do you like it the fifth time, when you miss it?'

" 'Sure, it's no more throuble to miss it the wan time than to hurry five times. A clock is an overrated piece of furniture, to my mind, Mrs. Beresford, ma'am.' "

There is a moderating counsel in this point of view for all of us in this age and clime of hurry. We have all sorts of time-saving devices—telephones and telegraphs, automobiles which "eat up distances" and get us there in a flash. But, nevertheless, with all the time we save, we have no time to spare; we never are at leisure.

If we would abate our eagerness for the latest extra and find time to talk with the octogenarians in our midst, we might enrich rather than addle our minds, and enlarge rather than narrow our outlooks.

Shane Leslie, speaking of "the ould knowledge," once common among the Irish people,—meaning such knowledge as stopping the flow of blood by some charm, or finding an herb to cure a fever,

or divining signs or portents—says that only those born before the famine year (1847) have any remnants of this "ould knowledge." It has passed and is passing.

Now this may be only one instance of the loss of old traditions and touches, some of them really valuable: the charming manners of the ancient régime, the leisure of the stage coach days, the ability to wonder and admire, the spirit of fealty, "the unbought grace of life."

There is a pragmatic and utilitarian view of things; and there is also a poetic and mystic view. It is for us to learn which is the truer and wiser interpretation.

One man goes through the crowded streets and sees only the carriages of

the rich and the grandeur of the show windows; another sees only the faces of the passers-by and the joy or the tragedy revealed in their eyes; one is moved by the spirit of greed, the other by the emotion of charity. How much more an angel would see than a mere grubber, and how much higher the angelic interpretation!

Many elements enter into the vision we get of things; there is association and memory, there are moods, experiences, and temperaments. There is also undoubtedly the influence of hereditary traits.

Those who inherit something of the Celtic way of looking upon life may be less practical; but they clothe their perceptions with pleasing glamours or with witching and eerie backgrounds

that give a peculiar zest and flavor, and perhaps a fuller meaning, to many things. We need, in this very practical age, to appreciate rather than to disparage this unworldly Irish way of looking at things. We need to cherish this gift of the Celt as something which truly enriches life.

What sort of people have been bred out of such traits, such trials, such ideals, and such a history; and how shall we forecast their future? The literary daughter of a distinguished Irish-American soldier of our Civil War (Colonel Guiney) gives us this answer in a paragraph, written with a fine intuition:

"Time, which was expected to bring about no Ireland, has in reality engen-

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